

## HOME HINTS AND HELPS FOR THE WOMAN OF THE DAY

## THE LACKADAISICAL WOMAN

She Held Sway for a Long Time, But Happily Is "Going Out" and the Athletic Girl Will Succeed Her.

By KATE THYSON MARR.

SHE should be well shaken before taken and if some of the lackadaisical airs cannot be shaken out of her, then gentlemen pass right along and leave her to be taken by some other fellow, and you will never regret it.

The woman who has too little energy to enjoy life as it moves along will never be companionable for a man who wishes to keep abreast with the times.

## Is Becoming Obsolete.

The lackadaisical woman happily is becoming rather obsolete. A few decades back it was considered the proper caper for a woman to nurse an assortment of pains and aches that would have put a hospital ward out of business. It was looked upon as a mark of refinement, tip-top good breeding, and dark blue blood to look interestingly delicate. Rosy cheeks were frowned upon as coarse and hoydenish, and the girl who was not pale and posy, anemic and malarial was alluded to as being too abominably healthy to look pretty and interesting.

A girl's roster of aches was a patent of nobility, and an ethereal personality with a whispering-wind voice was a combination that attracted where a horseshoe magnet would have fallen limp.

## Era of Athletic Girl.

The era of the athletic girl rather put the lackadaisical girl out of business, as the latter found herself a misfit wherever the athletic girl chanced to appear. The latter has not very much use for her whimsical sisters who lack the vim to take part in the strenuous out-of-door life that is the fad of the day.

Rosy cheeks, and a healthy, vigorous womanhood is the aim of femininity nowadays, and the masculine element is nothing loath to encourage his sister, his sweetheart, or his best friend's wife to share in his sports and take part in the exercise which he himself enjoys.

Formerly, a man resented the presence of womankind in his games and pastimes, but at this era of woman's supremacy she is made the constant companion of brothers, sweethearts, or friends in nearly all of the occupations that engross them.

## Association Beneficial.

That the association has been mutually beneficial cannot be denied. Women have gained in health and vigor and the spirit of endurance, and there is no denying the fact that a woman's presence has a refining influence on a man's character, while the woman's is strengthened and invigorated by the association.

The lackadaisical woman found her greatest comfort in detailing a schedule of pains and aches, or worries and frets, and it was her melancholy joy to pose as a martyr at all times. She was ripe for heaven from the cradle up, but somehow or other heaven did not seem to want her and she had to worry it through down here, a misery to herself and everyone around her. She was too indolent to get well or to get anything else.

She would have felt injured if anyone had been rash enough to tell her she looked well. That she was an invalid or considered herself one was the one happy gleam of her achey life, and her invalid couch and invalid chair formed the boundaries of her ambition.

She was so weak that water blushed when confronted by her and felt so ashamed that it was glad to run down her throat, but she kept up the invalid pose until when she finally did muster up energy enough to die she was not half as much at peace as those who were left behind to mourn her.

## Man Worthy of Respect.

The man who finds himself tied to the business end of a matrimonial combination wherein a lackadaisical woman figures in the invalid role is worthy of all respect if he bears the indignity patiently as husbands are accredited with bearing (when often they don't). I really think he is more ripe for heaven than his angel spouse. A man who is really devoted to and attentive to a chronic martyr in the guise of a lackadaisical woman is so near akin to a cherubim that he needs watching lest his wings be sprouting. I have read of such dear martyrs of a martyr, but much as I love the men and reluctant as I feel ever to say anything against a man in par-

ticular or the men in general, yet honesty impels me to confess that I have never encountered one. Of course I have known men who were more than devoted to wives who ran a continuous hospital exhibit, but I had my doubts if hubby was really as good as he seemed, or if he did not have some kind of solid comfort which he sought in periodical strays from home. And who should blame him if he did?

## The Genuine Invalid.

I am not commenting on, or referring to the genuine invalid, one whose life is full of agony of real suffering, one who bears bravely actual martyrdom, but I refer to women who are simply indolent and who substitute laziness and inertia for illness, who fancy that because they do not feel like exerting themselves, they are full-fledged martyrs and whine and whimper whenever the occasion presents itself for them to play effectively the misery role for all the game is worth. Such women play on a man's sympathy and the doctor is very often her ally who adds a few chapters to the interesting fiction, and who can blame him, either? It is the husband, if he has any refinement, who is the real sufferer. He wants to do what is right, and a husband in such instances, is so awfully imposed upon, because his innate chivalry impels him to be tender and gentle. He is sympathetic and the invalid takes advantage of his consideration. But a man's nature quickly tires of a woman who is never a companion for him. He is very apt to seek companionship elsewhere, and he finds it, too.

## Indolence the Beginning.

The woman who begins by being too indolent to take an interest in herself or her environment soon sinks to the morbid condition that is near akin to the real invalidism. She fancies herself ill in the beginning and becomes so later on through the force of sympathetic imagination. She may not have any organic trouble, but she actually becomes ill through the morbid tendencies.

The lackadaisical woman boasts that she can do nothing. She has no idea of such occupations as divert a woman's mind and leave her no time for morbid fancies. The woman who likes to be occupied, who finds pleasure in dainty accomplishments, or in experimenting with a needle, is never at a loss as to how to pass the time. I rather like the woman who can always find something to do; who can always entertain herself; who finds the days even too short where in she may accomplish all that she sets her mind to do.

## May Find Pleasure in Work.

A calm, even temperament, who enjoys work in moderation, who finds pleasure in pen and ink, pencil and brush, needle and scissors, books and newspapers, the chafing dish or cook stove; in fact, the woman who enjoys her home, who nurses a vigorous womanhood, who finds her happiness in making others happy, who has no time to coddle herself, is the woman who makes a home happy.

The bustling, ever-energetic woman is too restless and keeps one's nerves on edge, but the well-balanced, calm woman can literally work herself to death and others never realize until she is gone how much she really did accomplish.

## Husbands Are to Blame.

The lackadaisical woman has lots of sympathy wasted on her. She really does not deserve it. She is not so ill as she is fanciful. She martyrs her husband, who allows his sympathies to overbalance his judgment. One-half of the time a woman who poses as an invalid would be the better for it if hubby gave her a good, old-fashioned spanking to wake her up instead of petting her and encouraging her. The interesting invalid role is often nothing more than selfishness. The woman is too lazy to exert herself, and, needing some excuse for the non-fulfillment of duties that are plainly her province, she is shrewd enough to know that the invalid will be the best excuse she can frame.

Take the advice, boys, of a woman who has studied women of all sorts and kinds and brands and species, and give the lackadaisical woman a wide swath. She may be ethereal and interesting as a sweetheart, but she will be (I came very near saying d-n, but that's what I mean) very trying as a wife.



## GIRL STUDENT LIFE AT OXFORD

THE life of a girl student at the University of Oxford, according to the account of one who has experienced it, is not devoid of vivacity. The discipline begins at the railway station. The arriving girl student discovers that, however high her pedestal may have been in the drawing room, she must start on a very low level in the college world.

She is, as Mrs. Browning expressed it, by no means "the equal of the male." She finds herself scorned by porters and cabmen, who are hurrying to do the bidding of the lords of creation, and it is only after Hercules and Apollo have departed, in their glory, monopolizing all the hansoms and leaving porters dazed by their tips, that the girl student makes known her desire for a modest cab and is taken to her destination.

## Her Arrival.

When the girl student is set down with box and bicycle at one of the four halls of residence existing at Oxford expressly for the convenience of women, she is soon busy converting the room allotted to her as combined bedroom and study into an apartment suitable to her requirements. The essentials are there in the shape of a table, chairs, bookcase, desk and a low couch which serves as a bed at night or as a sofa in the day time. She adds the decorations which give the room a cheerful appearance.

Then comes dinner, which is the social function of the day. She makes her entrance as a "fresher" and is initiated into the details of her new life.

There is a good deal of etiquette, but an absence of the chafing of newcomers which prevails among the men. The girl student at Oxford is not allowed to wear

the somber academic gown, but she finds ample compensation in decking herself in pretty frocks.

## Difference in the Students.

There is a marked difference between the men and women students at Oxford in the motive which takes them there. Usually a man goes because it is the "thing," because his family have been Oxford men from away back. Life at the university means for him several years pleasantly spent, with athletics and hunting and social functions absorbing most of his time, with a modicum of study.

But most of the girl students go to Oxford to qualify themselves to earn a living. Few of them have anything like as much money at their disposal as the men have, and the period of study wears for them the serious aspect of laying up capital for the future.

On the day after her arrival business begins in earnest for the girl student. Chapel at 8 is followed by breakfast, served as a "come-and-go" meal in the dining hall.

## Her Course Arranged.

After a preliminary interview with her tutor, who arranges the course of her work, the novice goes off to her first lecture, in convoy of a second or third year student, who bequeaths the way by instruction upon the conventionalities of the place.

The girl enters one of the old college halls and is marched up to the table on the dais, surrounded by arm chairs, where the dons dine every evening, and where the women students profit by the intellectual menu provided every morning. From this vantage ground the girl looks down upon long tables with forms, filled with a gowned multitude.

The door shuts and opens with a bang as the lecturer enters. He is of the old school and does not enjoy the inundation of women. He has to make a pre-

liminary announcement, but the university does not officially recognize the existence of women among its students, and he is in a dilemma.

## Unlike Cambridge.

He begins "Gentlemen—ahem—gentlemen and [glancing around] people who come to my lectures," etc. It is not graceful, but it serves the purpose. The lectures to be attended are prescribed for the student by her tutor, who also acts usually as a coach in some subjects. At the examinations the presence of women is, at least unofficially, recognized.

In Oxford, unlike Cambridge, men and women go through the last scenes together and write their papers in the same rooms.

One blazing June day the men, burdened with their gowns, and perhaps additionally inflamed by the sight of the cool cottons worn by the women, began shedding their apparel until the examiner intervened with the hesitating announcement: "Gentlemen who think it advisable to take off their coats and their waistcoats had better keep on their gowns." There was a chuckle, but the counsel was heeded.

## Amusements Not Lacking.

The girl student at Oxford does not lack for amusement. She is welcome at most of the university functions. She may listen to the oratory of a perspiring Hercules at the Union Society. She is invited to breakfast parties, and looks on at boat races and football and cricket matches. The hours between luncheon and tea are rarely spent indoors. Hockey in winter, tennis and boating in summer, bicycling and walking at all seasons are indulged in by all, and in the evenings there are debates, musical societies and sometimes dramatic entertainments. "Cocoa" at 10 p. m. furnishes the most hilarious hour of the day. Altogether, the end of the first term finds the girl student very much at home at Oxford.

## CHAFING DISH BLESSINGS

There Are Many Appetizing Foods Which Heretofore Have Not Been Considered Within the Alcohol Lamp Category.

IF SANCHO PANZA had been a woman, and living today, he certainly would revise his famous exclamation and call down blessings on the man who invented the chafing dish. All the annoyance and perplexity which the comic writers would have us believe once tried the temper and troubled the soul of the woman whose husband brought home an unexpected guest to dinner are speedily vanishing, for the wedding bells have hardly ceased chiming when the up-to-date husband promptly proceeds to buy a chafing dish—that is, if they have not got one already for a wedding present, which is more than likely.

## A Recognized Feature Now.

From a luxurious accessory the chafing dish has become a recognized feature of domestic life—always at hand, ready to serve you, easy to operate. It well typifies domestic comfort, is the modern emblem of hospitality, and the symbol of good fellowship. Whether for madame to use for impromptu repasts or the late luncheon before retiring, for mademoiselle's dainty after-theater supper, the bachelor girl's room, or the college man's den, as a gift to the bride who is just setting up a domestic establishment, or a present for the woman who is celebrating her silver anniversary, the chafing dish is growing steadily in favor.

Lots of chafing dishes were given this Christmas, and all over the land they are now figuring in initial experiments at making a Welsh rarebit, lobster a la Newburg, oysters or fudge.

## Chafing Dishes of Various Kinds.

The growing popularity of the chafing dish is indicated by the increasing amount of space which the stores give to these up-to-date cooking utensils, and the various appointments which go with them. First of all, there are the chafing dishes themselves, which now come in the less expensive nickel, in silver, and in the new royal copper. An ultra-fashionable chafing dish is of copper, artistically ornamented with applied silver, which stands on a tray of similar design. Price \$100. When the talent of the designer is given free play the chafing dish becomes a work of art, a thing of ornament quite as much as an article of utility. By way of example, a chafing dish which is a combination of earthenware dish in a frame of hammered copper—price \$125. This by no means represents the high-water mark of cost.

## In Many Designs.

The silver chafing dishes are in many different designs. They come in the bright silver or the French gray finish. Some are absolutely plain except, perhaps, for a simple line of beading; others are more elaborately ornamented with floral borders. Handles of ebony, ivory, or staghorn give variety to the designs.

The chafing dishes are of different capacity, large and small. Some have one burner, others three. The lamps are much improved over what they used to be. Many of the dishes do away with wicks, and in the newest designs the lamp is so constructed that the flame can be regulated in a twinkling, enlarged at will or reduced at will—a most essential feature in a chafing dish lamp.

The electrical chafing dish perhaps is the latest stage in the evolution of this useful, convenient and fashionable appliance. It is said to work on any incandescent circuit, either direct or indirect current. The circuit is established by means of a wire with a plug at one end. Remove the globe, screw in the plug, and you can concoct any chafing dish dainty, from a Welsh rarebit to creamed oysters.

## The Various Appointments.

The vogue of the chafing dish has brought its own special appointments in its train. There are spoons and forks with ebony, ivory or staghorn handles to correspond with the mountings of the dish itself. A silver alcohol filler is a flagon-like utensil with a long, curving tube, where the spout on a teapot is. This makes the task of filling the lamp easy and expeditious.

A dainty little condiment set consists of a small silver tray on which stand black and red pepper silver shakers, a graceful little urn-shaped receptacle of silver, gold-lined, for the salt and a squat little silver mustard pot.

## Other Accessories.

The silver toast rack—an idea borrowed from the English breakfast table—is convenient to have among the chafing dish appointments. The delicately browned pieces of bread can be stood between the upright silver rings of the rack while the poached eggs, creamed chicken, or celery oysters are being prepared. There is also a special chafing dish toaster.

Holders for the bottle of ale which figures in the concoction of the popular Welsh rarebit have a wooden base lined with felt, above which rises a broad band of silver filagree work that forms the support for the bottle. Another style has three prong-like arrangements of silver rising from the base. These clasp the bottle firmly.

A small rectangular box of silver, tastefully decorated, holds a table nutmeg grater to be used for seasoning as required.

Silver receptacles to hold the box of matches, so that it is ever at hand, are in various designs. One of the prettiest is a silver tray, from which rises the silver holder for the box.

Then there are omelet pans and cutlet dishes, and silver knives and forks to break crabs and lobsters help to make a brilliant and attractive array.

## STORIES TOLD OF PEOPLE YOU KNOW

WHEN the Bishop of Colorado, the Rev. Sanford Olmsted, was rector of the Church of St. Asaph, at Bala, Pa., his ready wit made him at once the admiration and the fear of the people of his neighborhood.

There is a fashionable golf and riding club at Bala, with grounds that adjoin those of the little church, and it happened on a certain afternoon when Dr. Olmsted was holding a special service that a number of golfing clubmen were caught in a drenching shower, and hurried for shelter into the church.

They entered with a great clatter of their golf sticks, and with much suppressed chuckling and hard breathing. Their noise and their gay sporting attire made a jarring note on the simplicity of the service. But Dr. Olmsted paid no heed to them till the end of his sermon. Then he said, with a smile: "We have heard of people who make a cloak of religion. Now we know that there are others who make of religion an umbrella."

JAY COOKE, the financier of the civil war, is, at eighty, hale and cheerful, with a fund of stories about the great men of the past. According to one of these stories, General Grant and his family visited Mr. Cooke after the civil war at the Cooke mansion at Ogontz, Pa. There the talk fell, one evening, to hotels, and the host related some of his novel experiences while traveling about the country negotiating the war loans. They had been harrowing experiences in many in-

stances, but in a certain Southeastern town they had been worse than harrowing.

"At the hotel in this town," said Mr. Cooke, "I had for my supper one egg that was not good, two pieces of stale bread, and a glass of buttermilk. In my bedroom that night, though it was freezing cold, I had nothing but two sheets to cover me. For breakfast the next morning they gave me another bad egg. And for this accommodation they charged me, the cheats, at the rate of \$7 a day."

"They treated you," said General Grant, "according to the Scriptural injunction."

"How was that?" asked Mr. Cooke.

"Why, you were a stranger, and they took you in."

SENATOR HOAR, at the New England Society dinner, recently given in Philadelphia, told the following story of his friend, the Rev. Joseph Erskine, of Edinburgh.

"The good Mr. Erskine at one time in his life lost handkerchief after handkerchief. He found, on investigation, that it was on Sundays these losses occurred, and accordingly, one Sabbath morning, Mrs. Erskine sewed his handkerchief in the tail pocket of his coat."

"No," said she, "no! let us see what will happen."

"Mr. Erskine, with the sewed-in handkerchief, passed down the aisle of the church that morning as usual to ascend to the pulpit, but as he sailed by the amen corner, he felt a gentle tug behind, a delicate nibble among his coat tails. Thereupon he turned on a disappointed old woman in the corner, and said, with a triumphant smile:

"No! the day, honest woman; no! the day."